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Page 2.

No. 257.

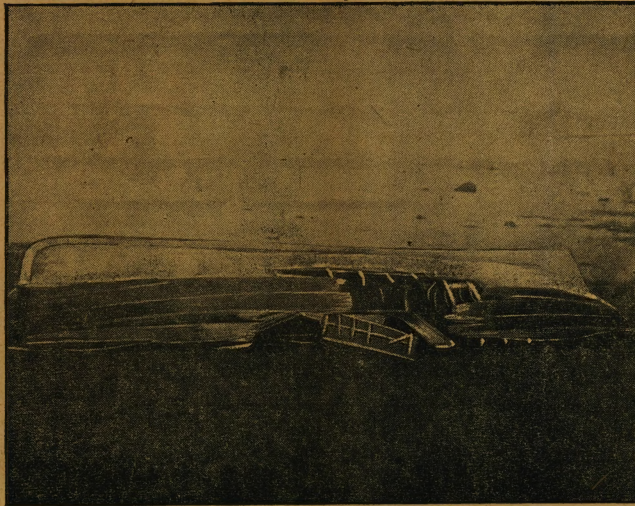
Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

NEW ACTRESS-MANAGER.

Mrs. Brown-Potter has taken a lease of the Savoy Theatre, and will begin her management next month.

THE LOUGH NEAGH BOATING DISASTER.

The ill-fated yacht Osprey, in which a party of seven young ladies and gentlemen set out for a picnic sail on Lough Neagh. The boat capsized, and six of the occupants were drowned. The only survivor was Miss Winifred Green, of Lurgan.

"THE CHICAGO BELLE."

Miss Dolly Hanbury, a winsome American, is now singing and dancing at the Metropolitan Music Hall.—(Bassano.)

FATAL FIRE AT CROUCH END.

The house in which two young girls lost their lives in the fire at Crouch End. The black cross marks the room where their bodies were found.

**THE INVASION
OF ESSEX...
INVADING FORCE
12000 MEN...
300 HORSES...
40 FIELDPIECES...
10 TRANSPORTS**



Extensive and elaborate preparations are being made for the great invasion of Essex next month. On the 6th ult., when the fleet weighs anchor at Spithead, ten transports will steam in line ahead to the coast of Essex, where General French with his force will land his men. It is thought probable that the landing will be made somewhere between Colne Point and Walton-on-the-Naze. There will be no opposition to the landing, but fighting will take place afterwards.

BIRTHS.

FEICE.—On the 27th inst., at Crickwood-villas, N.W., the wife of Stamford G. Feice, M.A., M.D., B.C. Cantab, of a son.
JACKSON.—On the 27th inst., at Holmsted, Reigate, the wife of Thomas Jackson, of a daughter.
LAMBERT.—On the 27th inst., at 17, Regent-street, the wife of Morton Lambert, of a son.
PEARSON.—On August 26, at 17, Alva-street, Edinburgh, the wife of C. Maxwell Pearson, M.B., M.R.C.P.E., of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

DASHWOOD-MORRIS.—On August 27, at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, by the Rev. C. G. Child, Alexander Thomas, eldest son of the late Alexander John Dashwood, of the Bengal Army, to Annie, youngest daughter of Henry Morris, of Yeovil.
EDMUNDS-FLOYD.—On August 27, 1904, at the Superintendent Registrar's Office, Westminster, the marriage was registered between Percy J. Edmunds, M.B., B.Sc., M.R.C.S., of 5, Great Marlborough-street, London, W., and Clara E. Edmunds, third daughter of the late William Floyd, of Weybridge.

SANDFORD-COLE.—On August 27, at St. Olave's, Hart-street, Mark-lane, E.C., by the rector, the Rev. A. B. Boyd-Carpenter, William Arthur, youngest son of the late William Sandford, of Camberwell, to Alice Annie, youngest daughter of the late Alfred Cole, of Bloomsbury.

DEATHS.

BETTS.—On the 27th inst., suddenly, at Temple-chambers, T. Percy Milbourne, eldest son of the late Daniel Betts, aged 55. No funeral, by request.
COLOMB.—On Saturday, the 27th inst., at Steeple Court, Basing, Ellen Bourne Colomb, widow of the late Vice-Admiral P. H. Colomb, R.N., aged 74 years.
HOPFUNG.—On the 27th inst., at 21, Queen's-gate, Richmond, Surrey, aged 72. Funeral starts for Golders-reen this morning at 10.30.
PEGG.—On August 27, at St. Matthew's Rectory, St. Leonard-on-Sea, Isabella, the beloved wife of Rev. H. Foster Pegg. Funeral at St. Matthew's Church, to-morrow, 2 p.m.
WEISS.—On the 27th, at Friedr. Chroda, Germany, Emilie Weiss, nee Froebel, wife of Privy Councillor Dr. Albert Weiss, of Cassel, aged 64.

PERSONAL.

DEAR.—I count no cost. But I must be near you. C. X., 245-JIM.
TRUSTEE.—What have you done? Where is dear mother's money. We may forgive if you will write.—J.C. R.
BRIGHTON.—New arrangements here and do not know what effect will be. But our best has returned, for which I am grateful.—B.

* The above advertisements (which are accepted up to 5 p.m. for the next day's issue) are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Train advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s., and 6d. per word after.—Address Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 2, Carnarville, London.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee, Sir Chas. Wyndham, Manager, Mr. Frank Curzon.—On THURSDAY, September 1, at 8.30, Miss ADA RICE will produce WINNIE BROOKE, WIDOW. Box Office 10 till 6.

IMPERIAL.—MR. LEWIS WALLER. THURSDAY NEXT AND EVERY EVENING at 8.30. FIRST MATINEE SATURDAY, September 10, at 2.30. MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER. Box Office open 10 to 6. Tel.: 5193 Gerrard.

SALFESTERY.—EVERY EVENING at 8.15. Mr. Henry W. Savage's American Co. in THE PRINCE OF PILSEN. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15. Box Office 10 to 10.

ST. JAMES'S—THE GARDEN OF LIES, a romance, adapted from the story of Justin Miles Forman, by Sydney Grundy, will be produced on SATURDAY NEXT, September 3, at 8.30. Denis Mallory. First Matinee Saturday, September 10. Box-office now open, 10.30 to 5.0.

MR. ROBERT ARTHUR'S LONDON THEATRES.
KENNINGTON THEATRE.—Tel. 1,006 Hop. NIGHTLY, at 7.45, MATINEE THURSDAY, 2.30, the packing musical company, MADAME SHERBY, with the entire production from the Apollo Theatre.
CORONET THEATRE.—Tel. 1,273, Kens.—NIGHTLY, at eight, MATINEE SATURDAY, 2.30, the great spectacular military drama, ONE OF THE BEST, Mr. Robert Arthur's own company.

LORDEN THEATRE.—Tel. 328, K.C.—NIGHTLY, at eight, MATINEE SATURDAY, at 2.30, the world-renowned drama, LIGHTS O' LONDON, by Geo. R. Sims.
CROWN THEATRE, Peckham.—Tel. 412, Hop.—NIGHTLY, at 7.45, MATINEE THURSDAY, 2.15, the great dramatic TWO ORPHANS, Mr. Henry Neville and company.

THE OXFORD.—R. G. KNOWLES. The successful Eastern extravaganza, THE BELLES OF THE ORIENT, by Lord STURGEON, R.H. PRINCE and Co., in new sketch, THE MAID AND THE BRIGAND, Margaret Ashton, Renard, French, Tom Costello, Will Evans, Miss Lindon, T. E. Dunville, JOE ELVIN in THE WRANG HOUNDS. Open 7.25. Box Office open 11 to 6. SATURDAY MATINEE at 2.30. Phone 2834 Gerrard. Manager, Mr. ALBERT GILMER.

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, Etc.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—TO-DAY. CAFE CHANTANT at 3.00 and 7.0. INTERNATIONAL SPORTS AND FOOB EXHIBITION. Cricket at 11.30. London County v. Wiltshire. Military Bands. For East War Pictures. Maxim's Flying Machine. For Harry Ray. Water Climb. Rapid. BROOK'S FIREWORKS every THURSDAY and SATURDAY.

Table d'hôte luncheon and dinners in the New Dining Rooms overlooking the grounds.—Messrs. J. Lyons and Co. Ltd., Caterers by Appointment.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—WORLD'S CYCLING CHAMPIONSHIPS. Under patronage of H.M. the KING and R.H. PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES. NEXT SATURDAY, Sept. 3rd, also 8th and 10th, at 5.0. Numbered seats (including admission to Palace), 5s. and 2s. 6d.; without admission, 5s. and 2s. 6d. Thousands can see without extra charge.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—QUEEN'S HALL. EVERY EVENING, at 8. Queen's Hall Orchestra. Conductor—Mr. Henry J. Wood. Tickets, 1s., 2s., 3s., 5s.; usual agents, Chappell's, Queen's Hall box-office, Queen's Hall Orchestra (Ltd.), 320, Regent-street. ROBERT NEWMAN, Manager.

THE CHARING CROSS BANK.—Est. 1870. 119 and 120, Echnigate-st. W. (F.G.) London, and 28, Bedford-st., Charing Cross, W.C. Surplus, £297,790. Liabilities, £285,680. Surplus, £12,110. 2d. on cent. allowed. Dividend, 5s. balances. Deposits of £10 or upwards received; subject to 3 months' notice withdrawal. 5s. per ann. 6. 12. Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly. The Surplus Deposit Bonds pay nearly nine per cent., and are a safe investment. Write call for prospectus. A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

We have adopted a novel plan of advertising the "Daily Mirror." We want everybody to talk about our paper, to read it and show it to their friends. We are, therefore, offering to every reader who applies for it, at a marvellously low price, a

"Daily Mirror" FOUNTAIN PEN

You merely cut out the Coupon below and enclose P.O. for

2/6

(Postage 1½d. extra.)

This is a sensational offer, and our readers should make haste to profit by it. It is a chance of securing a really useful article at a notably low price. All applicants must send the "Daily Mirror" Coupon with their remittance. State the Nib you require—Fine, Medium, or Broad. Write at once.



In purchasing this Wonderful Pen you gain the benefit of money expended to advertise our paper. The Pen is made of the finest vulcanite, with screws which allow the ink to leave but one way—through the twin feed. It is beautifully chased, with neatly engraved bands, the whole packed in a box with rubber and glass filler and all instructions.

Can be had at all Messrs. W. H. SMITH & SON'S Bookstalls,
OR AT OUR
West End Office, 45, NEW BOND ST., W.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON, fill in, and post to
PEN DEPARTMENT,
The "Daily Mirror,"
2, Carnarville Street, London, E.C.
I enclose P.O. for 2s. 7½d. for which please send
"D.M." Fountain Pen to

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

NIB.....

The Fountain Pen is as much an improvement over the ordinary pen as is the modern steamship over the ancient galley. Hitherto, because of the cost, it has only been within the reach of the few who could afford it. But now no one need be without a Fountain Pen.

Hundreds of Life Insurance Policies

BEING

GIVEN AWAY

BY THE

"Weekly Dispatch."

Id. Anywhere.

A Startling Array of Facts.

MR. GEORGE R. SIMS'S

"Martyrdom OF Adolf Beck,"

TOGETHER WITH

Official Sessions Reports

of the three trials
at the Old Bailey.

AT ALL

NEWSVENDORS OR BOOKSTALLS.

PRICE 3d.

HOLIDAY APARTMENTS TO LET AND WANTED.

BRIGHTON.—Johannsdorf Boarding Establishment. Grand Parade; moderate charges; thoroughly comfortable and homelike.
GREAT YARMOUTH.—Garibaldi Hotel for gentlemen. Moderate terms; liberal table.—Powell, Proprietor.
ISLE WIGHT.—Nelson. Beautifully situated; rooms facing sea; all required.—Stolcher, Channel View.
DAMSGATE.—Apartments; board-residence, 17s. 6d.; close to parade; sea view.—Stannard, 2, Danejohn.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

A LADY wishes to sell lovely 56-guinea upright, iron grand drawing-room Piano full trichord, on massive brass sounding plate; fitted with grand repeater check action, handsome mahogany panel, with carved pillars; nearly new; maker's 30 years' warranty transferable; take 15 guineas; approval willingly.—G. 251, Brompton, Pow, London E.

BORDS Pianos—25 per cent. discount for cash, or 15s. 6d. per month; second-hand pianos, short horizontal grand, from 25s.; upright grand, 17s. 6d.; cottage, 10s. 6d. to 15s. per month on the 3 years' system.—O. Styles and Co., 74 and 76, Southampton-row, London, W.G. Pianos exchanged.

PIANO handsome iron trichord, 7 octave, all improved; make, £9 9s. or 2s. 6d. week; ten years' warranty, and trial.—Hine, 97, Wiesbaden-rd., Stoke Newington.

PIANOFORTE, splendid instrument; 15 guineas.—G. Pianos, 4, Surrey-st., Old Kent-rd.

Other Small Advertisements appear on page 10.

FACE TO FACE.

500,000 Men in Battle
Array at Liao-yang.

HISTORIC FIGHT CERTAIN.

Deeds of Desperate Daring on
Both Sides.

PORT ARTHUR'S STRUGGLE.

The centre of interest in the war is shifted for the moment from Port Arthur to Liao-yang, where one of the most sanguinary battles of history is in preparation, or, indeed, may be now in progress.

General Kuropatkin's great army, estimated at 250,000 men, is face to face with an equal number of Japanese under the supreme leadership of Marshal Oyama.

It is clear from the reports already to hand that the struggle will be bitter and to the death. Both sides are full of the berserk spirit that no fear of death can dull.

The Japanese are the fiercer and the Russians the harder fighters, but of both come stories of almost abnormal bravery.

Meanwhile, news of Port Arthur is for the most part slight. There is considerable unrest and concern in St. Petersburg at the paucity of news and prevalence of sensational rumours.

There is no doubt that the Japanese grand assault has substantially failed, and it is possible that General Stoessel is correctly reported as saying that he could hold out for some time.

General Kuropatkin reports that the whole of the Russian forces are concentrated at Liao-yang, on which a successful retirement has been effected. The Japanese troops under Generals Kuroki and Nodzu have united on the Russian left flank, those under General Oku are advancing on the Russian centre and right.

For the last four days fighting has been continuous. The Japanese spared no sacrifice. One battalion lost all its officers.

On Sunday evening was presented a magnificent spectacle. The transport of four corps retired across the plain while the troops and guns remained to protect the rear. The batteries firing all along the extended line as fast as possible created a deafening roar.

In spite of the precision of the Japanese, the Russians worked their guns with coolness.

HURLED FROM THE EAST.

During the fights on August 25 and 26 the united forces of Generals Kuroki and Nodzu were hurled against the entire east front of the Russians with the object of forcing a passage to Liao-yang.

The Japanese, checked at first, came to the attack more furiously than ever.

The second part of the fight started at ten at night, and continued with ever-increasing masses and vigour until one in the morning. With desperate valour the Japanese charged the Russian positions with the bayonet shouting "Ban-zai!" (Hurrah!). All their attacks were repulsed with enormous losses, especially in one part of the field, where they were completely routed, leaving heaps of dead and abandoning rifles and knapsacks. The Russians pursued them into the hills. The Japanese losses here amounted probably to 2,000, while the Russians lost only 1,500 men.

COLUMNS MOWED DOWN.

Whole columns of Japanese were mowed down by a flank artillery fire.

Eye-witnesses give accounts of the fanatical bravery of the Japanese soldiers. Many of the wounded dismembered themselves in order that they might not fall into the hands of the Russians.

At four o'clock in the morning Japanese reserves came up, executing their movements as if on parade. Their advance was covered by an inferno of artillery, but three hours previously the Russians had begun to retire without calling up their reserves.

They evacuated the Anpin Pass, the Miaolin Siandiatze, and Tackhu, and occupied positions beyond these points.

The retreat was a disheartening surprise to the Russians, both officers and men having expected an advance, but the precarious position of the extreme left made the order necessary.

The retreating troops waded through a sea of mud amid a blinding rainstorm. The difficulty of removing the artillery and impedimenta was stupendous.

Behind them lay a mountain torrent and a narrow pass through which the Japanese had constructed a road during the Chinese war, and the Russian ranks were all the time exposed to the enemy's fire.

The Japanese, evidently exhausted by the three days' ceaseless fighting, could only follow up the

Russians slowly, fighting a desultory rearguard action for ten miles.

After the fight a long line of Russian wounded was borne silently through the streets of Liao-yang.

The scene was solemn and impressive. The deserted streets looked like the galleries of catacombs, along which stalked the litter-bearers carrying single lanterns.

PRINCE WOUNDED.

Prince Bekowitch Hscherkassy, chief of a Kabardin sotnia, which was the last to leave the Anpin Pass, was seriously wounded.

General Kuropatkin visited the hospital of the Community of St. George and decorated many of the wounded. He is said to be in excellent spirits, laughing and joking with the officers and men.

The soldiers are now singing in camp in spite of the unbroken succession of reverses they have sustained, and all are willing to render cheerful assistance to the baggage and transport trains caught in the muddy rivulets. Nothing apparently affects the heartiness of the common soldier.

PORT ARTHUR HOLDS OUT.

Captured Fort Found Untenable by
the Japanese.

There seems now no doubt that the Japanese grand assault, which began on August 20, has not met with the success anticipated, but heavy fighting was resumed on Saturday.

Although the besiegers managed to push forward they were unable to occupy the important positions from which the Russians had been driven. They only succeeded in weakening the Russian line without notably advancing their own.

Heavy Japanese reinforcements have arrived via Dalny, so it is probable that severe fighting began again on the 27th.

The arrangement of the fortifications (says Reuter) is described by a Russian as resembling a chess board, upon which every fort has the moving powers of the queen with respect to the zone covered by its artillery.

So far, the Japanese have not attempted to occupy any important fort without receiving a resolute fire from other Russian forts in various directions.

It is stated that Fort No. 5 has changed hands four times, and is now unoccupied, the artillery fire on both sides rendering its occupation impossible.

The Japanese filled the moat in front of the fort with sandbags, but owing to the heavy losses of Japanese soldiers Chinese coolies are now hired to do this sort of work.

TESTING CHEAP MOTORS.

Twenty-two Cars Out of Thirty-five
Successful.

The Automobile Club's series of non-stop runs for motor-cars costing less than £200 began at Hereford yesterday, when thirty-five out of thirty-eight entries started.

Yesterday's course was from Hereford to Ludlow, and thence, via Leominster, back to Hereford, the total distance being fifty-one miles.

There were many minor accidents, but on the whole these cheap cars came through the ordeal very well, and twenty-two of them succeeded in making a non-stop run, the cheapest car to emerge successfully from the ordeal being an eight-h.p. Horley, the price of which is £125.

LEAGUE AGAINST MOTORISTS.

Society That Will Defend the Rights
of Pedestrians.

As the Automobile Club defends motorists when it considers they are unfairly summoned, and the drivers of horse-drawn vehicles are either rich people or defended by their employers, it is considered that pedestrians should also have a society to defend their rights.

Therefore the Highways' Protection League has been started in London by a gentleman well versed in the law.

It will help in the identification of motor-cars which have been guilty of breaking the law, and render assistance generally to maintain the rights of the public on the highways.

GRAND LAMA UNMASKED.

LHASA, August 23.

The Dalai Lama is now apparently quite beyond the reach of messages from Lhasa. It seems that, so far from being a man of extraordinary ability and determination, he is a weak creature, entirely in the hands of the Russian Doryeff, who has hitherto been the guiding spirit in the foreign policy of the Tibetans.

Yesterday a force visited the deserted Lhasa arsenal, which contained a certain amount of machinery for the manufacture of rifles.—Reuter's Special Service.

After a "cycle wedding" at a Chapham church yesterday the bridal pair left, says the "St. James's Gazette," on a tandem.

BOER TREASURE.

General's Cousin Stumbles Across
a Buried Quarter of a
Million.

JOHANNESBURG, Monday.

Mr. Kemp, a cousin of General Kemp, has discovered beyond Spelonken buried treasure, removed from Pretoria before Lord Roberts's entry.

The value of the find is estimated at a quarter of a million sterling, of which the Government will receive half.—Reuter.

KITE ENTHUSIAST ASSAULTED.

Colonel Cody the Victim of a Mys-
terious Affair.

Colonel Cody, who had been experimenting during the afternoon with his man-lifting kite at the Crystal Palace, rushed in the low-level station shortly after eight last night and told two constables that he had just been assaulted outside by two men and a woman.

The Colonel stated that the woman held his coat while the men attacked him. His right eye was completely closed up.

The constables refused to move in the matter, stating they were employed by the railway company, and were not allowed to go outside the station. Thus Colonel Cody's assailants escaped.

Colonel Cody must, of course, not be confused with Buffalo Bill. He has invented several new forms of kites, and is a picturesque figure, with long, luxuriant locks.

"PIRATE" FOUND.

One of the Raiding Russian Cruiser
Said To Be Overhauled.

There is reason to believe that the Government yesterday received news that the British cruisers detailed from the Cape squadron to seek the Russian vessels Smolensk and Petersburg and deliver to them the Russian Government's instructions have succeeded in overhauling at least one of the transformed merchantmen.

No official information is, however, forthcoming; but a statement was issued by the Admiralty last night to the effect that the Commander-in-Chief on the Cape Station left Seychelles on the 26th inst. in H.M.S. Crescent, and is proceeding south with the cruisers Forte and Pearl, with the object of communicating with the Russian vessels. H.M.S. Barrosa and Partridge have also been directed to join in the search.

The "Novoe Vremya" refers to "the pitiful attitude of the English Press" on the subject of the Smolensk, and publishes an article maintaining that the time has come for Russia calmly to consider the right of passage for her warships through the Dardanelles without paying heed to utterances inspired by an hostility, national rivalry, or greedy private interests.

"Russia," it says, "is no vassal Power, and no one is entitled to interfere with her military or naval affairs."

MISSING GOVERNESS.

Mysterious Disappearance of a Young
Lady Baffles Police.

A great deal of interest continues to be taken in Gloucestershire in the mysterious disappearance of Miss Marion Price, nursery governess at Thame Vicarage.

Miss Price has not been seen since the afternoon of June 7 last.

She is nineteen years of age, of average height, and wore spectacles.

Her parents, who live at Marston Hill, Gloucestershire, and the police, have made every endeavour to trace the young lady, but not the slightest trace of her can be found.

KING ALFONSO AS YACHTSMAN.

BILBAO, Monday.

King Alfonso, presiding at a regatta here, promised to organise an international regatta identical with that held at Kiel. His Majesty will offer a cup, and will personally endeavour to obtain the entries of foreign nations.—Reuter.

TO ATTACK THE SAXON.

NEW YORK, Monday.

At a reception held at Carnegie Hall yesterday Mr. John Redmond expressed his thanks to Irish-Americans for the aid which they had already given to the Irish cause, and said that his party was now in a position boldly to attack the English Government.—Reuter.

SCORCHING WEATHER

Yesterday Was the Sixth
Hottest Day of
the Year.

THE "NO HAT BRIGADE."

YESTERDAY'S MAXIMUM TEMPERATURE.

Shade.	Sun.
84deg.	127deg.

Yesterday ranks among the hottest days of the scorching summer of 1904. Only five times this year has its maximum shade temperature of 84deg. been surpassed. These dates were:—

July 10	84deg.	August 2	86deg.
July 15	84deg.	August 4	86deg.
July 17	84deg.	August 11	86deg.

To the weatherwise the very suddenness of this spell of warm weather constitutes a warning. It has come in too quickly for there to be any hope of its continuance.

This view is supported by the behaviour of the barometer yesterday evening. In the South of England, and also in the Midlands, a slight but general fall was noticeable. The glass was steady only in the north. To-day may therefore be expected to open fine, but thunder and rain are possibilities before it closes.

ICE AGAIN POPULAR.

In the meantime London is making the most of its revived summer. The warmth of Sunday was sufficient inducement for reverting to the sensible summer clothing so generally worn during the July spell of heat. The rise in the thermometer was no more sudden than the reappearance of ice, horse-bonnets, and the hatless brigade.

One member of the latter body created some diversion in the West End yesterday by driving about in an open carriage with his bald head exposed to the pitiless rays of the sun. As if to emphasise his eccentricity his coachman wore a comfortable straw hat, while the pair of spanking bays he drove each sported a smart horse-bonnet. The growing popularity of the hatless craze is proved by messages from our seaside correspondents, who also report that the return of the warm weather has given a fresh lease of life to the waning holiday season.

CROWDED SCARBOROUGH.

At Scarborough the temperature yesterday was seventy-six, and the sands and promenade were as crowded as they were a month ago. The hatless brigade, who had disappeared with the summer weather, once more attracted general attention.

At Folkestone the temperature was seventy-seven degrees, and a day of uninterrupted sunshine was enjoyed. The no-hat brigades were so numerous that they ceased to create attention.

At Eastbourne the weather was perfect. The crowd of visitors enjoyed the fine spectacle of the sea breaking over the Royal-parade at high water.

FRESH SEASIDE ARRIVALS.

At Yarmouth the maximum temperature yesterday was sixty-eight degrees. The return of summer has given a new impetus to the holiday season, and the number of fresh arrivals was very great.

Margate has suffered during the break in the weather, but the opportune return of warm weather has made the town full again.

The hatless brigade yesterday came out in its full strength and creates considerable amusement by ostentatiously promenade throughout the warmest hours of the day.

At Hastings the maximum shade temperature reached 81, which is one degree above the highest previous record this summer.

KING'S RETURN TO LONDON.

It is definitely decided the King will return to London on Saturday evening.

After remaining in town on Sunday he will journey on Monday to Rufford Abbey, which will be his headquarters during the week for the Doncaster races.

It is expected the King will leave Yorkshire on Friday evening and arrive at Balmoral on Saturday morning, where he will remain about a month.

The Queen is expected in town on Saturday to spend Sunday with the King, after which she will proceed to Denmark.

During blasting operations at a quarry near Colwyn Bay a stone struck the telegraph wires, and the circuit was broken for several hours.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Easterly breezes, fresh on the east coast; becoming close and unsettled generally, with local thunderstorms.

Lighting-up time: 7.49 p.m.

Sea passages will be smooth in the west, moderate in the south and east.

REIGN OF TERROR.

Violence and Blackmail in Epping Forest.

INHABITANTS CARRY ARMS.

Another audacious robbery, accompanied by murderous violence, was yesterday committed by the hooligans who infest Epping Forest.

The outrage took place in broad daylight, and in a much-frequented part of the forest, not far from Chingford.

The victim was again an old and feeble man—a respectable Chingford resident named Alfred Jones—who was passing through the forest to Chingford about mid-day, and sat down to rest for a moment. While resting he was rendered unconscious by a violent blow on the head, delivered from behind. How long he lay unconscious he is unable to say, but on coming to himself again he found that he had been robbed of a valuable watch and chain and a small sum of money.

Ruffian Escapes Arrest.

The affair was promptly reported to the police, who, with the forest rangers, were scouring the woods for the remainder of the day. But up to a late hour last night no arrest had been effected.

The frequency of these cases of brutal violence has given rise to something like a state of terror in Chingford. Desiring of adequate protection from the police, those whose business takes them through the forest by night are now arming themselves.

"I have been 'held up' twice this summer," said one resident of Chingford to a *Mirror* representative yesterday. "Now I always carry this."

Armed with a Revolver.

He produced a bright and serviceable revolver from his pocket, and said that he should not hesitate to use it.

The speaker expressed his belief that the forest is haunted by an organised gang of evil-doers, who live by blackmail as well as robbery. His statements as to blackmail were corroborated by inquiries made at Wanstead and Leytonstone. Innocent folk strolling in the forest have again and again submitted to be blackmailed rather than face the charges these ruffians threaten to bring against them.

"The forest is quite unsafe," declared another Chingford tradesman. "Only last Saturday a man was charged at Tottenham with stealing a watch and chain from a carman, who was asleep in the forest, and such things occur every day."

This tradesman believes that many of these offences are committed by the lawyers, who are attracted to the forest by the numerous school treats. After selling their inferior fruit and tummy toys; they go off to gamble and drink, and by night time are ready for anything.

QUEEN SETS A FASHION.

Amethysts Made Popular by Queen Alexandra's Example.

West End jewellers are displaying large and splendid assortments of amethysts at the present time, for this beautiful purple stone has attained new fame and lustre through Queen Alexandra's favour.

Throughout the season of 1904 her Majesty was constantly seen wearing her lovely necklace of superb amethysts.

This illustrates once more the Queen's taste for what is beautiful, and her preference for that over more costly display; for the amethyst is a comparatively cheap stone.

The best Oriental amethysts are ten, and in some cases twenty, times less costly than rubies, size for size.

CHILD DRUNK ON CHAMPAGNE.

For making her four-year-old boy drunk with champagne Edith Hepburn, a fashionably-dressed woman, of 92, Belvedere-road, Upper Norwood, was at Hastings yesterday fined £10 and costs.

Mrs. Hepburn took the boy into a restaurant for dinner and gave him champagne, with the result that the child fell off the chair before he had finished drinking.

Later a constable found her outside surrounded by a crowd, with the boy lying on the ground drunk.

Fels-Naptha

The total money returned in two years is £1 3 6½ to 110 women.

They didn't go by the book. They do now though.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E.C.

WHY MEN GO BANKRUPT.

Heavy Household Expenses Cause Many Failures.

A warning note against the growing habit of spending too much on personal and household expenses is sounded in the Board of Trade's report on last year's bankruptcies, which was issued yesterday.

A marked feature, says the report, in several of the large cases, and one which is doubtless characteristic of a considerable proportion of the smaller trading failures, is the excessive amount of drawings for personal and household expenses. Last year's returns show an increase of 401 failures over the 1902 total, but the liabilities were £377,575 less.

The builders beat the grocers for head of the list with a total of 330 against 297. In 1902 it was grocers 304, builders 266. Publicans and hotel-keepers again took third place, though with 206 failures against last year's 265.

Advertising agents and fishing smack owners ran a dead-heat of three cases for the lowest place in the list, while for the right to be called the safest trade, the brewers were very close with a total of five.

The total number of women failures in 1903 was 465, an increase of 32 on the number in 1902.

The trades in which most of these failures occurred being: Grocers, 64; drapers and haberdashers, 54; milliners and dressmakers, 47; and lodging-house keepers, 36.

"THE CHETWYND AFFAIR."

New Comedy Written by a Boy of Seventeen.

"The Chetwynd Affair," produced last night at the Royalty, is best described as two-thirds comedy and one-third tragedy.

The author, Mr. Kennedy-Cox, who wrote it when he was seventeen, evidently started out to write a comedy, but, yielding to the convention which demands "strong scenes," makes one of his characters kill himself, and as a result the play ends tamely and conventionally.

It was a disappointing affair, and the house protested. "Our youngest dramatist" has, it must be said, made a sad failure with his first play.

PRIZES FOR COCK-CROWING.

Novel Contest That May Be Popular in France.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)
PARIS, Monday.

A cock-crowing contest is to take place at the International Bird Show, to be held at Cours-la-Reine in October.

Cocks will crow twice a day in trial heats. They will be put in elevated cages, and a timekeeper will decide which one gives the most crows in a certain time.

Competitors are already training their birds. They have to be very well fed. Some people keep them in the dark until they compete, others merely keep them apart, and a third party of competitors stop up their birds' ears so that they shall crow the louder.

French and Belgian bird lovers are looking to these contests to take away, on the one hand, a taste for cock-fighting, and on the other the habit of keeping singing birds in captivity.

SALVATION MOTOR TOUR.

A picturesque scene was witnessed when General Booth drove through Newcastle on his motor tour yesterday.

There are a number of Hindoos who are local officers in this district, and they crowded on to the top of a tramcar, and thus followed the General through the streets.

At Gateshead there was a slight, though exciting, accident. Commissioner Nicholls, who has been the chief organiser of the tour, was leading the crowd in their cheers when he was knocked down and run over by a passing vehicle. He was only slightly injured, and joined the General later in the day.

TO SWIM THE CHANNEL.

If the weather is favourable, J. A. Weidmann, of Dover, will start for the cross-Channel swim on Sunday afternoon. If, however, the water is rough on Sunday, he will make his attempt on one of the three following days.

When seen yesterday by a *Mirror* representative, Weidmann showed no trace of fatigue from his swim of twenty miles on Sunday.

WORLD'S RECORDS BROKEN.

At the St. Louis athletic meeting yesterday, Flanagan, of New York, threw a 16lb. hammer 168ft. 1in., breaking his own and the world's record; while R. C. Ewry, of New York, broke the world's record for the standing broad jump by clearing 11ft. 4 7/8in.

DESPAIRING LOVER.

Suicide's Pathetic Letter to an Unknown Girl.

Love undoubtedly drove the young Austrian gentleman, Heinrich Lang, to commit suicide.

The tragic circumstances of his death in the game-keeper's lodge at Comberton Hall, Kidderminster, were disclosed at the inquest last night, when a despairing letter to an unknown girl was read.

Mr. R. Howard Krause, of Comberton Hall, said he had known the young man, who was visiting him, since his childhood. He was nineteen, and had just passed first-class into Vienna University, where he intended to study medicine. His home was in Vienna, and his father was a doctor of law.

Young Lang had been at Kidderminster since July 29, and was in good health. He was a very sober and industrious young man, and of very good disposition. The witness had gone through his letters, which were in German, and mostly from his mother.

"They were very nice letters, without any sign of trouble in them," added Mr. Krause. "None of them could throw any light on the tragedy, except one written in German, which was found in the youth's pocket-book. It was in his own handwriting, but was not addressed to anyone."

Appeal to "Girle."

The translation of the letter was as follows:—

Girle,—It is now almost a week since the letter from Stuttgart. Girle, have mercy with me. Only write on a card "I. K."—That means "I come." You surely must find time to be alone to do this.

Girle, do you know what your Heinrich suffers? Only a card since and I still believe. To-morrow is Friday. If nothing comes to-morrow, I shall not hear till Monday, because I am going away with Mr. Krause. I already hate all the places which will prevent me from waiting for the post, but perhaps something may come to-morrow.

Girle, I am so afraid to open letters after what you have written already. No, no, it can't be. Quite surely it can't be. Girle can't leave her boy far, far away. Why can we never be together? Girle, I can't write any more.—HEINRICH.

The jury returned a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity.

PAPER FAMINE.

Marseilles Dockers' Strike Will Reduce the Size of Journals.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)
MARSEILLES, Monday.

The dockers' strike at Marseilles is producing strange effects.

In Corsica things are going wrong, for nearly all communication with France is stopped. If three sailing boats do not arrive soon coffee and sugar will go up in price. Paper for printing purposes is running short, and if none arrives this week's newspapers will be reduced to single sheets.

The hospital ship *Orel*, which is being fitted out by the wife of the Russian Ambassador in Paris, is delayed; but out of friendship for Russia the men have agreed to do what they can for a ship going to the aid of the wounded.

The postal services have been arranged for by the use of destroyers, the first of which will leave for Algeria with the mails on Wednesday.

LADY DEFIES A DUKE.

Miss S. Benett, a lady well known in Staffordshire, has created a sensation there by defying the Duke of Sutherland.

For some months an agitation has been on foot in Trentham against the action of the Duke in closing a road which it is declared has been open to the public for at least 300 years, and Miss Benett, formerly a member of the Burslem School Board, has been the prime mover in the agitation.

Now a demonstration superintended by that lady has been succeeded by the demolition of the gates and fences. The locks and chains were broken by a blacksmith, and the woodwork sawn away, as shown in our illustration on page 9.

BULLDOG SOLD FOR £1,000.

Mr. E. A. Mills, of The Limes, Uxbridge, has just sold his celebrated bulldog, Champion Heath Baronet, to Mr. George Gould, the American railway millionaire, for £1,000.

This dog has won considerably over 150 first prizes and specials since last August, many times obtaining the special for the best specimen of any breed in the show.

Sir Theodore Martin, who will celebrate his eighty-eighth birthday on September 16, is enjoying splendid health.

Cardinal Vannutelli has returned to Rome. Members of his suite declare that his mission was to obtain the concession of an Irish Catholic University from the British Government.

LIKE REAL WAR.

Coming Manoeuvres Most Realistic.

ARMY AND NAVY COMBINE.

Monday next will see the commencement of the most realistic playing at war that the world has ever seen.

The most elaborate arrangements have been made by the combined authorities of the War Office and Admiralty, and the result will be a fortnight of bloodless, but otherwise real, fighting.

The most interesting feature will undoubtedly be the work of the landing force of 11,000 men under General Sir John French. It is in no sense an invasion, but the coast of Essex will be regarded as that of a foreign country.

General French's army will land as it might in actual war to aid another English force already operating in an enemy's country.

Fighting with Smokeless Powder.

Smokeless powder will be used, both by the men of the line and the artillery. This is quite a new thing in manoeuvres, and some startling results are expected, for it will make it difficult to locate the opposing forces.

There will be no civilians to assist the transport. The "Blue" army will come thoroughly equipped as for war, with guns, wagons, and all an army's impedimenta. They will carry their own tents and cooking apparatus, and probably camp on the shore the night they land.

The Navy, for the first time in the history of manoeuvres, will take a part in the game, by supervising and arranging the landing of the First Army Corps. Preparations for the short voyage from Southampton to Essex are well ahead.

Eight of the ten transports chartered by the Admiralty lie in the Victoria and Albert Docks, given over for the time to an army of carpenters and painters.

Each ship has been transformed for the time being into floating barracks, with allotted places for officers, men, horses, equipment, guns, ammunition, and wagons.

Motor Boats to Assist.

Yesterday the authorities accepted Mr. S. F. Edge's offer of two fast motor boats for use in the forthcoming manoeuvres. These boats, the Napier II. and Napier Minor, were dispatched from Southampton and Dover respectively to Portsmouth, where on arrival they reported to the admiral in command.

The movements and services of these boats are to be kept secret until the end of the manoeuvres, but it is understood they are to be employed in carrying dispatches and conveying staff officers between the vessels of the fleets.

PUNISHED BEFORE TRIAL.

Serious Allegations Against the army Police.

Serious allegations were made against the police at Stratford yesterday.

Thomas Scarborough, a labourer, was charged with being drunk and assaulting a constable and a sergeant. Constable Revell said he was kicked and had his thumb bitten, and Sergeant Smith stated that he was also attacked.

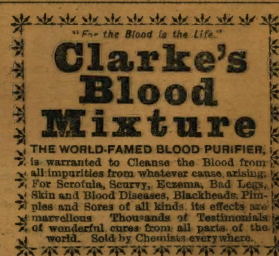
Scarborough stoutly denied that he assaulted the officers, and stated that the constable struck him first. An old gentleman named Mr. Murray bore out this story.

Mr. Murray said he saw the constable walk straight up to Scarborough and strike him on the back of the neck. Scarborough, he stated, fell to the ground, and then the officer kicked him.

Two young men, named Henry Webb and Ernest Swanborough, corroborated Mr. Murray's statement.

The magistrate considered that the police had acted "a little hastily," and refused to grant bail for the assault. However, Scarborough was fined 10s. and 11s. 6d. costs for being drunk and disorderly.

At Worship-street two men, charged with assault, were acquitted, as "they have been sufficiently punished by the police."


Clarke's Blood Mixture
 THE WORLD-FAMED BLOOD PURIFIER.
 is warranted to cleanse the Blood from all impurities from whatever cause arising.
 For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Blackheads, Pimples and Sores of all kinds its effects are marvellous. Thousands of Testimonials of wonderful cures from all parts of the world. Sold by Chemists every where.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at 2, CARMELITE-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1904.

FITTING THE CAP.

IT is so usual to blame the "new rich" for all the worst features of what is called Society that no one will be surprised to find Mr. E. F. Benson, in the "Fortnightly," echoing the old cry. For Mr. Benson has never done more than serve up in piquant novels or "thrilly" articles the popular notions about the "smart set." He does not do any thinking for himself.

If he did, he would surely see that the follies and wickednesses over which he laments (and which he very much exaggerates) are the result, not of the sudden wealth of new families, but of the poverty of those old and titled families which used to keep Society so very much to themselves. Most of the people with distinguished names, which appear regularly in the newspapers, are in a perpetual state of being "hard up."

They live on the edges of their incomes. Their fine houses are generally mortgaged up to the hilt. They are always in debt, always in want of ready money. Their magnificence is a hollow sham.

It is the anxiety of these people to win the favour of the rich newcomers which makes them plunge into all kinds of violent dissipation. Bridge is played till all hours of the morning in order that impoverished aristocrats may "make a bit" out of wealthy people whom, among themselves, they call "shockin' bounders." Flirting is carried to a pitch at which plain folk call it by another name, simply because rich men who can be "bled" in all kinds of ways are supposed to like it.

No doubt many of them do like it. They are pleased to be able to hob-and-nob with a class which once seemed immeasurably far above them. They have climbed out of their own sphere of life, and they have to find new associates, whose habits they fall in with because they think it is the "proper thing."

They don't want to be "smart." In their hearts they regard bridge as a bore. More likely than not they find flirtation, even with a Countess, very poor fun. But they like to be in the swim, so they are ready to fling themselves into any folly that may be proposed.

The only remedy is that either the "new rich" shall cease to be snobs and become sensible, or that the old, poor families shall support themselves by respectable work instead of "cadging." We only wish there seemed to be a chance of one of these remedies being adopted.

WOMEN HALF-PRICE.

Some bold holiday-maker who has explored the universe as far as Stockholm informs the world that in Sweden many restaurants and hotels only charge half-price for women's meals. Thus, if husband and wife dine at a five-shilling table d'hôte, the bill only comes to 7s. 6d.

It is certainly a fairer plan towards the customer, for women scarcely ever eat anything like as much as men. What a boon it would be if such a system were adopted here! How much more readily would husbands take their wives to dine at restaurants if they knew they would only have to pay for a dinner and a half!

The danger would be that restaurant-keepers would level down the dinner to suit the lady's appetite instead of the man's. Then the man would want two dinners, the cost would be greater than ever, and his last state worse than the first. So perhaps we had better be content to let the Swedish system alone.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

From her earliest years a French girl is taught the arch importance of *la toilette*. . . . A French lady must not only never be shabby, she must never be out of fashion. Oddly enough, the wisest saying I know on this subject was uttered by an Englishman. "No well-dressed woman ever looks ugly," wrote Bulwer Lytton—a saying, or, rather, a conviction, taken to heart in France.—*Mrs. Betham-Edwards* (in the "Cornhill Magazine" for September.)

THE KING AND THE TAILORS.



"It is a significant fact that numbers of French and German tailors have gone to Marienbad to note what the King wears, so that they may be prepared with new fashions for the gilded youth of the Continent."—*Daily Paper*.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THERE is no more pathetic figure in Europe to-day than the ex-Empress Eugenie, who is just now entertaining Princess Henry of Battenberg. Just as she was the most beautiful woman in Europe, so she was also one of the most hated. Within a year after her marriage to the Emperor of the French, scoundrel tongues attacked her, as they did for many years after she had sought an asylum in England after her expulsion from France. Even when her son fell fighting for England in the Zulu war she was not allowed to mourn in peace. But her life has brought much trouble to Europe, for she was the prime mover in one of the most fearful wars that has demoralised Europe—the Crimean war. She even prided herself upon it, called it "my war," and said that it was meant to serve as a lesson to the Tsar Nicholas.

The sentiments of the average Canadian on the subject of Lord Minto, who is the host of the Archbishop of Canterbury in Canada, are rather mixed. Though the Canadians may disapprove of many of his actions, as a man they are devoted to him, for he possesses almost every attribute to ensure popularity in the Land of the Maple. He is an enthusiastic sportsman, and that the Canadians will always hold in his favour. Lady Minto has done much to win personal affection for herself and her husband by her tact as a hostess and her pluck as a sportswoman.

Perhaps the most popular member of the family is Lord Minto's small son. Just after the great Ottawa fire, where Lord Minto also distinguished himself by rescuing a fireman from the river, this young gentleman, then aged nine, won all hearts by a piece of unaffected charity. Only as they were driving home again did Lord Minto discover that his son was wearing no boots. He had given them away because, as he was driving home, he would not need them himself.

THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

Where Kent and Sussex Meet.

The golden sunlight shimmers down the Kent water valley, bathing it in a sleepy afternoon haze. On the far side lies Bank Farm, its red-roofed dairies and its haystacks sharply outlined against the cloudless sky. Down its sides nestle sheltered orchards and yellow cornfields ready for harvest. Lower in the vale sleep the fresh green grazing fields dotted with contented, placid, tail-swishing cattle, while here and there come broad belts of fir trees and gracefully-fringed larches.

On the near side rises more pasture-land and woodland. Then, crowning all, the great sweep of Holtye Common, with its heather, its gorse, its white-tipped rabbits, its grazing sheep, and its far-stretching views of Kent and Surrey and Sussex.

Set in the midst is the quaintest little terrace of almshouses dropped down from nowhere apparently, but with a tiny garden dropped down to each at the same time. And the quaintest round dozen of little old women with sticks and old-world round hats and shawls dwell there and watch the sunsets.

Another young son of Lord Minto distinguished himself a couple of years ago by a speech he made at a reception crowded with the cream of Canadian society. He was only a mite, but he delivered himself as follows:—

"I thank you for the kindness you have shown father and mother and the rest of us. I hope you will always love me as much as I love you."

Never was a man less like what one would expect than Mr. W. W. Jacobs, the author of "The Beauty in the Barge," which is to be produced this evening. No one could possibly look less like a humorist. He is a lean little man, looks about twenty-five, though he is really about ten years older, and wears an expression of abject timidity. And when you know him he is not in the least funny. His jokes are of the carefully-thought-out variety, and strictly reserved for working hours. Humour with him is his business, just as sorrow is an undertaker's. His early life was spent among the sea types he describes so well and so funnily, for his father was connected with the shipping business, and young Jacobs knew the Wapping wharves at a very early age. A humdrum life in the Post Office followed, and it is only a few years ago that he gave up his official work for that of a professional humorist.

It is "The Squirrel" known to the world at large as Mr. Cyril Maude, who produces Mr. Jacobs's play to-night. The nickname "Squirrel" is not supposed to be descriptive of him, but is merely a corruption of Cyril. Still, it suits him fairly well, for he is a shy person—for an actor—

HE GOT THE JOB.

A small boy entered an office in New York the other day, very early in the morning, when the merchant was reading the paper. The latter glanced up and went on reading:

After three minutes the boy said: "Excuse me, but I'm in a hurry. 'What do you want?' he was asked. 'A job.' 'You do? Well,' snorted the man of business, 'why are you in such a hurry?'"

"Got to hurry," replied the boy. "Left school yesterday to go to work, and haven't struck anything yet. I can't waste time. If you've got nothing for me, say so, and I'll look elsewhere."

"When can you come?" asked the surprised merchant. "Don't have to come," he was told. "I'm here now, and would have been to work before this if you'd said so."

and does not care to be the centre of attraction, or to talk about himself. He is always ready to tell one story, however. It happened in Sydney, and was the one occasion when Mr. Maude appeared as an exponent of second-sight.

The story in brief is this. Mr. Maude's overcoat, and a lot of other things, had been burgled from a club. As usual, there were plenty of clues, but no arrests. About a fortnight after Mr. Maude attended a spiritualistic séance, and a committee of the audience went on the stage to see fair play. Mr. Maude was greatly interested in one member of this committee in particular. After the performance Mr. Maude buttonholed him and led him into a corner.

"Let me give you another exhibition of second-sight," said Mr. Maude. "Now, that coat you have got on, for instance. Inside the collar are the maker's names, Messrs. So-and-So, and under that are the initials 'C.M.' Just below the elbow of the left sleeve is—'" "You can have it, gov'nor," said the man; but Mr. Maude preferred to recover his property by the aid of law and order, as typified by the police.

Overheard at the Royalty Theatre last night:—First Spectator: I see the author wrote this play when he was seventeen. Wonder how old he is now?

Second Spectator (disappointed dramatist): Judging by the usual time it takes to get a play accepted, I should say he must be about seventy by now!

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

The Recorder of London, Sir Forrest Fulton.

HE is trying to frighten us just now by his remarks on the unjust conviction of Beck. He does not blame himself—nor the jury. "Judges and jurors alike," he says in his letter to the "Times," "may be deceived by reckless and perjured testimony."

Nor is he very comforting in his prophecies for the future. Even with a Court of Criminal Appeal he fears that "cases of miscarriage of justice would from time to time arise." On the Bench he is popular, for he has no side and knows his business. He has a sharp way with the Bar when he likes, but barristers like him for all that. So do juries. Even prisoners like him, for he is not a severe Judge, though he does believe in the "cat."

He is comparatively young for a Judge, for he is only fifty-seven, and would pass for less. He has one failing of youth in that he has a great belief in his own infallibility. Still, he makes no more mistakes than other people.

On the whole he is a good-tempered, sensible Judge, and a pleasant fellow.

NEWS TOLD IN PHOTOGRAPHS

THE QUEEN'S "DOUBLE."



The Marquise d'Hautpoul enjoys the distinction of being a personal friend of the Queen, and is frequently mistaken for her Majesty.—(Photograph by Langflier.)

HOUSE BUILT OF WHELK SHELLS.



It was some fifty-six years ago that a Leyton bricklayer commenced gathering whelk shells and other waste material with which to build a house. After six years he had collected sufficient shells and old bricks to construct the building shown above.

FOR STARVING SCHOOL CHILDREN.



Mr. H. M. Hyndman, the leader of the Socialists in London, addressing the demonstration in favour of State maintenance for school children in Trafalgar-square on Sunday afternoon.

SAVED FROM DROWNING.



Miss Annie Hughes, the well-known actress, who was carried out to sea while bathing at Dieppe. Miss Hughes was rescued by M. Armon, one of the greatest swordsmen in Paris, who was sailing near by in his yacht when he effected the rescue.

SOUTHSEA PICTURE COMPETITION.



Each of the two Southsea visitors whose portraits we publish above will be awarded five shillings and a "Mirror" fountain pen on application at the "Daily Mirror" tent on the Common.

AT BIRCHINGTON-ON-SEA.



People nowadays prefer to pitch their own bell-tents on the sands and use them as bathing boxes, whilst at a number of watering-places the Continental fashion of proceeding to the beach in a bath wrap is greatly in vogue. Here you see three bathers at Birchington going to the beach in their bathing suits and bath gowns.

These four C

For some time a
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had been open to
Benett, the lady
The ab

The proprietors o
tains a coupon o

WINNERS OF A BEAUTY CONTEST IN AMERICA



were awarded the highest prizes at the last beauty show held in America. Pretty women from all corners of the States competed, but the Cubans won the trophies of both sections, where the awards were made for individual and collective beauty.

DEFYING A DUKE.



n has been on foot in Trentham, North Staffordshire, Duke of Sutherland in closing a road which, it is said, for 300 years. A demonstration, headed by Miss S. of the photograph, demolished the gates and fences. e shows Miss Benett declaring the road open.

THE BECK CASE.

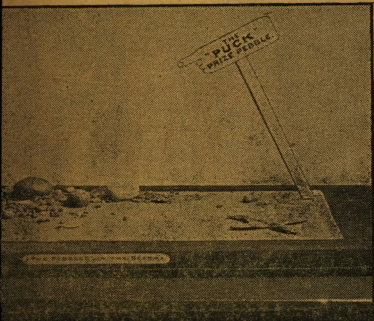


Sir Forrest Fulton, K.C., the man who first tried Adolf Beck. In a letter to the "Times" yesterday Sir Forrest said that the verdict of guilty was the verdict of the jury, and that he concurred in their finding.—(Elliott and Fry.)

CLOSING ROUND PORT ARTHUR.



This map shows the present position of the Japanese forces round Port Arthur. The Mikado's men are now well within the main defences. An idea of the recent progress of the Japanese round the Russian stronghold can be formed by comparing this map with the map published on page 9 of the "Mirror" last Thursday.



are now having a number of little wooden pebbles distributed on the beach at various seaside resorts. Each pebble contains the finder to a money prize. In the first photograph is shown one of the pebbles now being distributed, and in the second are seen some visitors on Blackpool beach searching for "Puck" pebbles.—(Photograph by Barrett.)



Mrs. Clements, of Spitafields, who is probably the oldest woman in England. She was born in Poland on September 5, 1789.

INDULGENT AMERICAN HUSBANDS—GOWNS FOR SCHOOLGIRLS.

IDEAL LORDS AND MASTERS

The American young man does not as a rule look forward to marriage nor prepare for it by saving any considerable portion of his ante-nuptial income, says one who knows his fellow-countrymen. When



Above is sketched a simple blue serge frock trimmed with black velvet and worn with a "tucker" of embroidery at the throat and a linen collar. It is a useful school frock.



This is a useful little delaine shirt with a plain band as a trimming and the shoulder fulness feather-stitched down to make it neat.



The girl will need a pretty little dance dress, so here is one made of white muslin edged with ruffles of the same and completed by blue ribbons and a muslin chemisette inset with lace.

easy of digestion. Brown bread and the white meat of fowl, white fish of various kinds, broiled or boiled, green vegetables, spinach and salads dressed with oil, are all good for the stout woman. Leave the fried vegetables alone.
But she must get up in the morning and walk two hours before breakfast. That is an essential part of her cure.



Her autumn coat is illustrated here. Note the velvet vest and buttons.

he marries it is usually on short notice, and because he has been very desperately in love with someone and cannot find it in his heart to wait until cold caution declares the venture advisable.

Even when the engagement is a long one he usually squanders so much on gifts and entertainments for his fiancée that there is only a very moderate amount with which to begin housekeeping. Thus, before his marriage, the young American of the middle-class begins to give evidence of what is to be his chief natural characteristic as a husband—his unfeeling, unselfish, and almost improvident generosity.

Does Not Interfere in the Home.

The middle-class husband in America rarely interferes with the affairs of the household. He hardly knows the cost of staple articles of food. As a rule he does not make his wife a regular allowance either for household or personal expenses, but gives her as much as he can spare, freely, but with a lack of system that is not conducive to the best outlay of his income.

The young American husband is also very indulgent to his wife's fondness for fine clothes. He would far rather have an extravagant wife than a dowdy one, and, although he grumbles occasionally at a milliner's bill, in reality he rather glories in the resplendent appearance of his wife in her fine feathers.

The American is rare who does not concede his wife the right to spend a much larger sum with her dressmaker than he does with his tailor. Indeed, he often leaves his tailor altogether, and cheerfully repairs to the ready-made clothing house in order that his wife may have more money for her extravagant finery.

English women who marry Americans of this kind are likely to be very lucky individuals and very happy wives.

JEWELLED CUPS.

In days gone by christening mugs were practically all cast in one mould. But times have changed, and the cult of the beautiful has extended to this branch of the silversmith's art, and the commonplace mug has been replaced by the most graceful designs. Carnelians, carbuncles, amethysts, chrysoprases, and other semi-precious stones are used for the embellishment of the modern christening cup.

AVOIRDUPOIS REDUCED.

A SYSTEM THAT DEMANDS STRENGTH OF WILL.

Many women annually spend hundreds of pounds reducing their avoirdupois at some English or foreign spa. The treatment may be pursued at home if the victim of overweight possesses sufficient hardihood to carry it out.

Morning when you are reducing means daylight. You must get up at five o'clock. Six is a little too late. You must be out at the springs in the gardens of the cure at 5.45, taking your constitutional and drinking the waters.

Begin the day therefore at home at five o'clock with a salt bath, easily managed by the simple expedient of adding a cup of sea salt to the water in the tub. A quick tubbing, followed by a good rub down, will furnish the salt water bath desired. While dressing sip a glass of spring water bottled at the wells that are good for your complaint of superfluous weight. Dress in light, loose clothing, and start for a walk promptly at six o'clock. Walk until eight.

If you were to go abroad to one of the reduction cures you would be sent out thus early in the day for your glass of spring water with strict orders to walk. Perhaps you would have music to keep you company, for they do everything possible to make the patient pleased. But more than likely your walk would be through a quiet park, enlivened only by the presence of others trying to get thin. And, more than likely, instead of your two hours' walk, you would be awakened at four in the morning and ordered to go out and tramp from five till eight.

When you come back from your promenade you may take a light breakfast. Eat all you want, but let your food be fruit, cooked or raw, and toast and coffee. Don't take heavy meat, nor starchy and creamy dishes. Let your food be light and

ANGELA.

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LOVE AT A PRICE.

By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND.

CHAPTER XIX. (continued).

This onslaught of the natives was the fiercest that the Colonists had as yet experienced. The black swarms of naked men flung themselves in huge waves against the earthworks and broke over them in a torrent of death. Tarporley dropped his rifle, and, seizing a heavy two-edged sword from the hand of a dead foe, he struck blindly at the ferocious figures who emerged from the darkness. Suddenly a man rushed past. "The Maxims!" he cried, "Bentham wants them all taken to the centre of the camp! It's our only chance!" The order went round the whole circle and suddenly the firing ceased. Every man that was still left alive concentrated his attention on the sudden movement. It was successful, though many men died in the execution of it. The Maxims were dragged back to the centre of the camp, and placed in a ring barely thirty yards in diameter.

The manoeuvre was the stroke of a genius. The small circle had no weak point in it, and when the savages came again at it, in their thousands, they were moved down in such numbers that a ring of six or seven feet high, lay all around the centre of the camp. It was a contest that could not last for long. The bullets flew out in a continuous stream, like sparks from a catheter wheel. Nothing could live in that terrible zone of fire, nothing could get near enough to it to throw the guns. In less than five minutes the natives broke and fled, the guns ceased firing, and there was silence on the plain.

Half an hour afterwards the dawn broke. Swiftly the dark sky paled to grey, and the east was tinged with green and pink and gold. Then the sun rose over the distant hills and flooded the whole land with light.

There were some that band who had lived hard lives and seen strange sights. Yet there was not one of them who could look unmoved on the ghastly scene that the sun laid bare before their eyes. Of the 560 men that Gramphorn sent out to Mashangweland, but seventy were left within the things of Mashangweland. Some forty more lay outside by the trenches with life still in their bodies. The rest were dead. Some of them were so slashed and cut to pieces that no one could recognise them.

Captain Bentham called the roll and picked off on a sheet of paper the names of those who were still alive. On the list was a name which he had with his face bowed in his hands. The blood trickled down his fingers from a slash on his forehead, but he paid no heed to the pain of the wound. It was John Gramphorn, who had crept into the camp the night before, and he was sobbing bitterly. The truth of War and Empire had been brought home to him; and the fiercest of the things seen that day are those that are heard.

Captain Bentham noticed him, and, coming to his side, touched him on the shoulder. "Who are you?" he asked, roughly. Gramphorn did not answer.

"Come, my man, you seem dazed. Are you hurt? I know it's a hard job, but you've got to do it like the rest of us," Tarporley and several others came up, a fringe of smoke blackened and blood-stained men, staring dully at the silent figure. "It's the fellow that crawled in last night," said Tarporley, "came through the lines. Plucky devil, whoever he is. Broken up I expect. I feel it myself."

Gramphorn rose to his feet and confronted them. His face was white as death, and he seemed to look past them, to look past the awful field of carnage, to something that he could see on the far horizon. "I am John Gramphorn," he said, hoarsely, "and this is my handiwork. I have done this scene—'it is my handiwork.'"

"Mr. Gramphorn," cried Bentham in amazement, "why, what in heaven's name—"

"Yes," interrupted the financier. "I am the man who sent you out here, who paid your expenses, who bought you farms, who lent you capital. And I did it knowing that this day would come. I did it, so that this day might come. Every man of you was marked out for death. But this night's work has given this country to England."

"It's not all over yet," said Tarporley. "All the other men had gathered round, and Gramphorn stood in a ring of fierce and scarred faces. "No," replied Gramphorn, "it is not all over yet, but even now two British cruisers are within 500 miles of Corboai."

The men cheered wildly. It was the first gleam of hope that had arisen from the dark horizon of death.

"It is madness for you to have come here, sir," said Captain Bentham, "we are in a tight place yet."

Captain Bentham, replied Gramphorn, in a firm voice, "and you, too, my brave friends, I will tell you all the honest truth. I came out here because my country would not let me stay at home, because I wished all men to know that John Gramphorn is not afraid to tread the perilous path that he has marked out for other men. I am here to go through with you to the end. I am your comrade. And we are the men who will give Mashangweland to England."

He paused, and for a moment there was silence. Then the men, weary and exhausted as they were, caught something of his enthusiasm, and broke into a storm of cheers.

The horror of the carnage was more awful in the aftermath than in the night itself. Round the camp and within its very walls lay more than twelve thousand dead bodies. The little band of sur-

vivors extricated their comrades one by one from the heaps of slain, and buried them as best they could. Gramphorn himself toiled the whole of the day following the fight, and worked in the blazing sun with a white, set face and untiring hands. It says much for the man's strength of mind that he did not go mad, for he read a bitter reproach in the staring eyes of every dead man.

The dead bodies of the natives presented a terrible problem. It was impossible to bury them. It was equally impossible to stay in the camp while they rotted in the sun. Yet, if the camp were moved, it was quite possible that the little band would be forced to stay for weeks in a spot that had no water supply at all.

After a long consultation Gramphorn and Captain Bentham decided that they must move at any cost, and fight their way inch by inch to the coast. They were still ringed in by their foes. The latter kept out of range, but the smoke and flames of their camp fires were visible on every side, and the incessant drone of their war songs vibrated in the stillness of the night.

The camp moved slowly across the plain towards Corboai. It was over-weighted with baggage, though more than half the food and ammunition had to be left behind. The wounded, too, were a burden that had to be borne.

The little band moved on at the rate of ten miles a day, and the circle of savages moved with them across the plain. The day was a weary one. For three days nothing occurred to check their march to the coast. Then, one morning, they found that they had been outwitted. As the dawn broke they saw all round them a line of earthworks, nearly six feet in height. The circle was about half a mile in diameter, and had been thrown up in a single night. Thousands of savages were still at work on it, and it grew by inches as the sun rose higher in the heavens. Captain Bentham examined it through his glasses, and frowned.

"They've got us this time, Mr. Gramphorn," he said curtly, "we'll just have to sit down and wait. Seventy men can't rush that damned wall. Gramphorn looked at the wall, and then at the Captain's face, and he realised the solid mound of earth.

"A good wall," he said, "very good, for savages."

"That wall," replied Captain Bentham, "was made under the eye of an engineer."

"German, I suppose," said Gramphorn. Captain Bentham looked at him keenly.

"I do not understand all about this business, Mr. Gramphorn," he said coldly, "but I know we're in a pretty mess if no help comes from Corboai," and with these words he turned on his heel and began to make arrangements for a protracted siege.

Before night the little body of men had thrown up a deep and broad rampart, which converted their camp into a miniature castle. Profiting by past experience, they made it only 70 ft. square, and arranged the Maxims so that no one could ever cross the space from the enemy's wall to the little band. When it was finished Gramphorn and Captain Bentham regarded it with satisfaction.

"Impregnable," said the latter, "and we've plenty of food and ammunition. My only fear is about the water."

During the next fortnight Captain Bentham's fear was justified. The water was shed out in dribbles, until at last it was gone but a small jar that was kept for the wounded.

The story of the next few days may be found in almost any narrative of exploration or shipwreck—the story of the agonies of thirst beneath a blazing sun. The wounded all died, and were buried close the walls at night. The others relapsed into a silent, hopeless silence.

Gramphorn's strong spirit was slowly being dragged down to the lowest hell. He not only suffered physical agony, but he had to bear the burden of the thought that he was the cause of the anguish of the others. He realised, too, that if he were to die, Mashangweland might be lost to England. But his thoughts were often of Juliet, and his fair face seemed to beckon him from the north as the stars came twinkling up from the horizon.

A week passed, and ten more men were dead. Tarporley, Captain Bentham, and Gramphorn were still among the living, but were practically helpless. If the savages had chosen to rush the fort they would have met with little resistance. But the Maxims had inspired a wholesome fear of the white man. They had evidently resolved to starve them to death.

One day Gramphorn lay on the top of the broad rampart, searching the horizon with his glasses. Then suddenly he gave a cry and staggered to his knees.

"At last!" he cried. "At last! Look, boys! Look!" Everyone scrambled to their feet. Each in turn looked through the glasses. A large body of men was moving across the plain. It was clear that they were Europeans.

Slowly they seemed to crawl across the level grassland, and while they were still some miles off the savages left their wall and went out to meet them. The distant sound of battle was borne faintly to the ears of the men in the fort. They could see the smoke of burning shells, and through the glasses could distinguish the glitter of swords and bayonets. In half an hour the savages were scattered to the four winds of heaven, and the little army moved on towards the fort.

"Good old England!" cried the men, and the National Anthem broke from their parched lips.

Nearer the force came, and still nearer, and Captain Bentham watched them through the glasses. Then suddenly he gave an exclamation of surprise, and looked at Gramphorn's eager face.

"Our rescuers," he said slowly, "are not Englishmen, but Germans."

Gramphorn staggered forward with an oath on his lips, reeled, fell down the bank, and then lay motionless in a crumpled heap on the ground.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

INTIMATE CONVERSATIONS.

I.—LADY BERTHA'S OBESITY.

Personages: LADY BERTHA and her friend, GLADYS ESMOND. LADY BERTHA'S boudoir.

GLADYS.—Yes, we had a glorious time. Everything was delightful, the weather sublime; not a single accident. And oh! those lovely French roads. Motoring from Paris to the Pyrenees is a dream! But, forgive me, dearest, I know you won't mind me saying so—how stout you have got since I saw you last!

LADY B.—Stout? Stout? I'm positively fat! I'm in despair. I seem to grow fat on air. And I've tried everything—everything, Gladys. And Harry laughs at me, the heartless creature! Says I remind him of Sam Weller's remark about the lady "swellin' wisely." He's so horribly absurd—reads Dickens! As if anybody read Dickens now-a-days! But really, dear, now I come to think of it, weren't you rather inclined to put on flesh when you were in Scotland last year? I fancy I—

GLADYS.—"Rather inclined!" Why, my dear Bertha, I began to get enormous—simply elephantine! Oh, you didn't see me in the autumn! I was positively unrepresentable; and if it hadn't been for Lord Malcolm—the dear fellow was so delicate, so nice about it—I might have been eligible for Barnum's as a resident Fat Lady by this time!

LADY B.—My dear!

GLADYS.—Yes, Lord Malcolm was goodness itself: risked offending me for my own good. You know, dear, how graceful he is, how fine a figure? Well, he volunteered the information—he actually blushed!—that he was at one time "as fat as a porpoise," don't you know?

LADY B.—My dear, I should hardly call that a striking example of delicacy.

GLADYS.—O, but, Bertha, it was the delicate way in which he said it—so sweet; and, of course, I knew he was going to tell me how he had managed to be no longer "as fat as a porpoise," don't you know. And he did.

LADY B.—But surely you didn't ask him to?

GLADYS.—Of course not, dear; but I think I just hinted that I should like to know. You see, Bertha, I had tried so many things, like you, you know; and I had consulted doctors—oh, ever so many!—and I was getting desperate.

LADY B.—Yes, go on.

GLADYS.—Well, he told me about a book he had read—a book that explained the wonderful treatment that he adopted, and that permanently cured him. And, of course, I said I should like to read it. Well, he wrote for the book then and there. Simply enclosed two penny stamps with my address, and the little book came to me by post in a private envelope the next day. You may guess how eagerly I devoured it! O, I wouldn't have missed it for a hundred pounds! Look at me! (GLADYS stands up.) Look at my waist, my hips. Why, Bertha, I'm not the same creature! I shall always feel grateful to Lord Malcolm. I lost two stone in an incredibly short time, and felt heaps better in health and spirits; and though I began to eat like a little ogress I never got the least little bit stouter again. It was simply wonderful. That was six or seven months ago, and I have simply forgotten that I was ever abnormally fat.

LADY B.—Tell me the name of the book. Quick! You put new life into me.

GLADYS.—You dear thing, of course I will. I'll tell you all about it. The book is called "Corpulency and the Cure." It is written by Mr. F. Cecil Russell, who discovered the marvellous treatment that cured Lord Malcolm and me—the "Russell" treatment, it's called. I have the address with me. I always give it to my friends and acquaintances who I think might have reason to thank me for it. Embroider, to use the polite word for fatness, is so awfully horrid, isn't it, Bertha? Well, dear, you have simply to send two pence in stamps to Mr. F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, Store-street, Bedford-square, London, W.C. (Have you got that down?), and you will get the book under private cover by the return post. And no one, not even old-fashioned Harry, who reads Dickens, will be any the wiser.

LADY B.—Gladys, you are an angel. Tell me something about the "Russell" treatment, will you?

GLADYS.—Yes, dearest, certainly; but you'll find it fully described in the book—much more clearly than I can describe it. Not only that, Mr. Russell gives the recipe of the preparation upon which he chiefly relies in his treatment. It's quite a pleasant tasting liquid, and is not in the slightest degree harmful, because there's nothing in it but pure vegetable ingredients that wouldn't hurt a baby. Then it's a beautiful tonic that did me a world of good and made me eat, as I told you just now, Bertha, like a hungry ogress.

LADY B.—But, surely you can't get thin by eating more!

GLADYS.—That's the surprising part of the treatment, dear; your appetite gets keener while you are getting slimmer every day. And it's quite reasonable when you come to think it out. You see, Mr. Russell has proved that the very condition of excessive fatness is weakening. The muscles are flabby with fat; he calls it "fatty infiltration," I think. Now, while all the unwholesome superfluous fat is being driven out of the system, it stands to reason that the flabby muscular tissue must be solidified, so to speak—made firmer by the accretion of new muscle fibre (that sounds very learned, doesn't it?) and this can only be supplied by enriching the blood; and the blood can only be enriched by a proper quantity of wholesome food. Isn't that reasonable? So that while the treatment is gradually destroying and eliminating the masses of superabundant fat, the fortifying, muscle-forming process is going on continuously. Why, it's simply splendid, Bertha.

LADY B.—My dearest, you talk like a book.

GLADYS.—Of course I do. I studied "Corpulency and the Cure" thoroughly, I assure you, and so have thousands of other grateful creatures. You should just read the wonderful letters—hundreds of them—that Mr. Russell prints in his book.

LADY B.—Oh, Gladys! surely he doesn't give the names of the writers?

GLADYS.—Never, dear. That is one of his fixed rules—no names. Well, the hundreds of extracts from letters that he publishes are a revelation. They are the personal experiences of men and women of all classes who have found in the "Russell" treatment permanent relief and cure, and very grateful they are. As to the lasting nature of the cure, these letters are absolutely convincing, and indeed, Bertha, I have added my own testimony. I felt it a duty to my fat fellow-creatures, poor things!

LADY B.—Dear Gladys! Now tell me, is there anything unpleasant about—

GLADYS.—Unpleasant! No, certainly not. The "Russell" treatment is pleasantness itself. There are no silly restrictions as to what you eat. There is not the least discomfort or inconvenience. My dearest, your own husband need not know you are undergoing any special treatment. He will only be surprised to see the improvement in personal beauty, and in your general health and spirits, but he need not know the secret of the phenomenon.

LADY B.—Is the reduction rapid?

GLADYS.—Very. You will find that only twenty-four hours after you have commenced the treatment you will have lost a half-pound to two pounds, and then every day there will be a difference—weigh yourself every day, dear—a sure and certain decrease until your weight is normal, and your figure is as good as ever it was. Then you can give up the treatment—forget all about it, if you can be so ungrateful. The fatness won't bother you again.

LADY B.—Dear Gladys, you are my good angel, my witch doctor. I shall write for "Corpulency and the Cure" at once. There now, where's the address you gave me?

GLADYS.—Never mind, write it down again. Here it is: F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, Store-street, Bedford-square, London, W.C.

LADY B.—Thanks, dearest.

GLADYS.—And when I'm back from Italy two months hence I shall see my dear Bertha just as slim and graceful as ever she was. Good-bye, dear.

LADY B.—Good-bye, dearest.

(Exit GLADYS.)

THE POISON ROMANCE OF THE CENTURY.

MADELEINE'S LETTERS TO HER MYSTERIOUS LOVER.

A REGULAR CHURCH-GOER.

In the course of our study of the Maybrick case the trial of Madeleine Smith has often been mentioned. This was also a mysterious case of poisoning by arsenic.

In each instance the accused was a woman; in each instance a love motive was alleged; in Madeleine Smith's case the verdict was "Not Proven"—a verdict which is not permitted by English law.

But in Mrs. Maybrick's case the general verdict of the public, of the counsel who prosecuted, of the Judge who tried the case, and of the Home Secretary to whom it was referred was so nearly "not proven" that she was reprieved.

Many readers of "Was Florence Maybrick Guilty?" have written requesting that the chief incidents in Madeleine Smith's case should be related for their benefit.

She was tried in the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh on June 30, 1857.

It was certain that L'Angelier had died of arsenical poisoning, because no less than eighty-eight grains were found in his body at the post-mortem.

The motive alleged against Madeleine Smith was that she had seriously compromised herself with L'Angelier and wished to be rid of him.

To-day we tell how Madeleine Smith came to know him, and print some letters which reveal the nature of their friendship.

CHAPTER II.

L'Angelier's Prospects—His Recognised Virtues—Unsuspected Defects of Character—"I Never Cast a Flower Away"—"I am Glad He is Leaving this Country"—The First Letter.

Having given a rough outline of Madeleine Smith's history, and having indicated some of the perplexities which surrounded her case, we now propose to go into the whole matter with some detail.

It is, as Mr. Justice Stephen said in the Maybrick case, an intellectual problem which must be solved by intellectual methods. But it is also a deeply moving human tragedy.

Madeleine Smith was the daughter of James Smith, an architect residing in Blythwood-square, and later in Main-street, Glasgow.

She was a young woman of great beauty and great personal charm. Unlike most exceedingly pretty girls, she was very popular with her schoolmates and also with the men whom she met, who were all in very good society.

Miss Smith was the eldest of the family. There were two brothers at the time, one of whom was a mere boy, and the other a young man.

The position of the family is determined by the fact that Mr. Smith had one son at the Edinburgh Academy—which shows that he was well off—and a house at Rowaleyn, close to Row, a well-known pleasure resort on the Clyde. He was also able to educate his daughter at a rather expensive boarding-school near Clapton.

It has never been thoroughly explained how Madeleine Smith, after leaving school, came to make the acquaintance of Emile L'Angelier, who was a young man of apparently fascinating manners and considerable address. He was not by any means rich, but he had good prospects. Moreover, he appears to have persuaded people that he was not only moral, but religious. But other people marked his boastful habit of talking about women, and especially titled women whom he could never have seen. One of his friends said at the trial that he was all very well at a friend for a bachelor, but not for a married man.

Some time in December, 1853, for instance, Mary Arthur Perry, a woman of fifty-three years of age at the date of the trial, came to know him because they both attended the same chapel—St. Jude's. About the spring of 1855 he began to know him rather well, and their friendship increased.

HIS BROTHER'S DEATH.

It was about this time that L'Angelier heard of his brother's death, and naturally the sympathy of an experienced woman would be very valuable to him at such a time. He was in very great distress at that period, and Miss Perry said, after his death, that she had a very great affection for L'Angelier, and corresponded with him frequently. She thought him a strictly moral and religious man, and had observed that he was a regular attendant at church, a point which in Scotland would be regarded as rather important.

In August, 1855, Madeleine Smith was introduced to Miss Perry, who then became aware that the engagement had existed for some time. She herself was not acquainted with Miss Smith's family, and she only knew that he was introduced

to Madeleine at the house of a lady, a Mrs. Baird, with whom she herself was acquainted.

The engagement appears to have been very sudden. L'Angelier took Madeleine to see Miss Perry, who knew that their relations were clandestine to the extent that the former had not yet informed her family of her feeling towards L'Angelier, who was described by some of his friends as "rather a pretty little chap."

SHE WOULD NOT SPEAK.

L'Angelier had wished to speak to her father in the usual way, but the girl had not allowed him to do so. He then asked her to tell her father herself, but she refused to do that, and, according to Miss Perry, he was very much distressed, not only at her refusal, but at the fact that he had contracted an affection for a girl who would not tell her father and mother of the state of her affections.

Somehow or other the fact that Madeleine Smith was in love with L'Angelier, or that L'Angelier was in love with Madeleine Smith, came out. There could be no doubt that the girl's parents objected strongly to their continuing to know one another.

Her mother certainly had become aware of the whole business, and objected strongly to the friendship between her daughter and the young Frenchman, who had yet to make his way in the world. But she does not seem to have known that a positive engagement existed between the young couple. She insisted that Madeleine should cease to communicate with L'Angelier at an early date, not when the engagement was definitely broken off, but long before. It seems, indeed, that it was almost immediately after Madeleine Smith had made the acquaintance of L'Angelier her mother took a strong dislike to him. She insisted that Madeleine should not see him any more.

Now we come to the history of a clandestine correspondence. Miss Perry was well aware that the young couple were at least writing letters to one another. Indeed, these two women were on the friendliest terms. For instance, Madeleine wrote a letter to her own and her lover's friend shortly after the time when her parents began to object to the friendship between the young couple.

A HEAVY BLOW.

Dearest Miss Perry,—Many thanks for all your kindness to me. Emile will tell you I have bid him adieu. My Papa would not give his consent, so I am in duty bound to obey him. Comfort dear Emile. It is a heavy blow to us both. I had hoped some day to have been happy with him, but, alas, it is not intended. We were doomed to be disappointed. You have been a kind friend to him. Oh! Continue so. I hope and trust he may prosper in the step he is about to take. I am glad now that he is leaving this country, for it would have caused me great pain to have to meet him. Think of me, and conduct me. I have a father to please, and a very kind father, too.—Farewell, dear Miss Perry, and with much love, believe me, yours most sincerely,
Mimi.

The letter was not dated, but it appears to have been addressed some time in August, 1855. Mimi was the pet name which Emile had bestowed on Madeleine Smith.

The beginning of the love affair can be dated pretty accurately, because we have the first letter she ever wrote to him—dated Helensburgh and Glasgow, April 3, 1855, which had been posted in a receiving office before reaching Helensburgh—probably from the office at Rowaleyn. The letter is as follows:—

My dear Emile,—I do not feel as if I were writing you for the first time. Though our intercourse has been very short, yet we have become as familiar friends. May we long continue so. And ere long may you be a friend of Papa's as my most earnest (sic) desire. We feel it rather dull here after the excitement of a Town's Life. But then we have much more time to devote to study and improvement. I often wish you were near us, we could take such charming walks. One enjoys walking with a pleasant companion, and where could we find one equal to yourself.

I am trying to break myself of all my very bad habits; it is my intention to do so for this, which I do sincerely from my heart. Your flower is fading.

I never cast a flower away.
The gift of one who cared for me—
A little flower, a faded flower—
But it was done reluctantly.

I wish I understood botany for your sake, as I might send you some specimens of moss. But, alas! I know nothing of that study. We shall be in town next week. We are going to the ball on the 20th of this month, so we will be several times in Glasgow before that. Papa and mama are not going to town next Sunday. So, of course, you do not come to Row. We shall not expect you. Bessie desires me to remember her to you. Write on Wednesday or Thursday. I must now say adieu. With kind love, believe me, yours very sincerely,
MADELEINE.

This letter does not show a very long acquaintance, but it certainly reveals rather a rapid intimacy.

The Bessie, who is mentioned as anxious to be remembered to L'Angelier, was Madeleine's sister Elizabeth.

The next letter we have which passed between the couple was one written by Madeleine at Row, near Helensburgh, dated April 18, 1855—that is to

say, fifteen days after the last was written. This shows that the acquaintanceship had caused a certain amount of resentment in the minds of her parents; that the girl was anxious to continue the acquaintance, but at the same time did not propose to disobey her parents; but we think on the whole that the letter may fairly be described as provocative of their correspondence. The letter ought to be read in connection with that which was addressed to Miss Perry some time in August, 1855, because it shows that, although Madeleine Smith's parents had forbidden her to see anything of L'Angelier, she had been doing so for at least five months in defiance of their will, but had at last come to the conclusion that the correspondence ought to cease.

Row, Helensburgh.

My Dear Emile,—I now perform the promise I made you in parting to write you soon. We are to be in Glasgow to-morrow (Thursday). But as my time shall not be at my own disposal, I cannot fix any time to see you. Chance may throw you in my way.

If I do not see you, I will agree with you what I intend proposing—viz., that for the present the correspondence had better stop. I know your good feeling will not take this unkind; it is meant quite the reverse. By continuing to correspond harm may arise. In discontinuing it nothing can be said. It would have afforded me great pleasure to have placed your name on.

She does not say what she would have placed there, but the letter was addressed under cover, and not to L'Angelier's address.

JALOUSY BEGINS.

Now, there is no evidence of what happened between April 18 and September 4, 1855, except the letter to Miss Perry, which we have already seen. That letter was written some time in August. When it would appear that L'Angelier, being in despair as to the progress of his suit, intended to leave the country and take up his residence in Peru. Madeleine was then glad that he was going, because at the time she saw no prospect of marriage, owing to the hostility which her parents showed against the man she loved.

But by September 3, 1855, her mind had changed. It is quite certain that she meant to marry Emile. She hoped that he had given up all idea of going abroad. Jealousy or something of the sort showed itself, because she wrote that if L'Angelier persisted in going to Lima she would think that he wanted to get rid of her. She suggested that he could get plenty of appointments in Europe, and begged him for her sake not to go.

Then came in another form of jealousy. She strove to make him jealous, and told L'Angelier that a gentleman named McKenzie had been staying with her family at Rowaleyn. He was about to leave for Ireland, whence he would go to the Crimea, because he had got a commission in the Thirtieth, which we take to mean the East Lancashire Regiment, whose first battalion, singularly enough, is now stationed in Dublin. Of course, she meant to excite the civilian's jealousy of the soldier. This is the letter, which was addressed to L'Angelier, who at that time was in Jersey visiting his relations.

MY INTENDED HUSBAND.

My Dearest Emile,—How I long to see you. It looks an age since I bid you adieu. Will you be able to come down the Sunday after next. You will be in Town by 14th. I do not intend to get rid of you till I have seen you. I shall be guided by you entirely, and you could be a better guide to me than my intended husband. I hope you have given up all idea of going to Lima. I will never be allowed to go to Lima with you. So I shall fancy you want to get quit of your Mimi. You can get plenty of appointments in Europe any place in Europe. For my sake do not go. John McKenzie has been staying with us. Papa invited him—he has taken quite a fancy for McK. He leaves for Ireland on the 17th, so we shall not see any more of him—till he returns from the Crimea. He has got a Commission in the 30th. We are to be very gay all this week. I am quite tired of company. What would I not give for to be with you alone. Oh! would we not be happy. Ah, happy as the day is long. Give dear Miss P. my love and a kiss when you write. I love her so.

The answer to this unsigned letter has not been preserved, but it is evident that L'Angelier continued to exercise some subtle influence over Madeleine Smith's mind.

The first letters of the young lady, as we have seen, breathed, in the words of her advocate at the trial, nothing but gentleness and propriety. If the man had any evil intent, he entered upon it with considerable ingenuity and skill. For the very first letter of the series which we have just quoted, contains a passage in which she says that she is trying to cure herself of all her very bad habits, saying, "It is you I have to thank for this, which I do sincerely from my heart."

He had insinuated himself into her company, and she so soon yielded a great deal too easily to the pleasure of this new acquaintance—pleasure which at that time was comparatively innocent.

But the letter which was written in April, 1855, shows that although she was writing according to promise, she thought that the correspondence ought to stop for the sake of her family.

She appealed to his good feelings, and in doing so she made the great mistake of her life. But, for a time, the correspondence, as far as is known, actually did cease. It ceased in April, 1855, for a time.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

PIMPLES ON THE FACE

And Body are cured by 'Antexema'

TEST FREE! CHANGE.

As most of the oil glands are on the face and neck it is these parts that are affected by such humiliating Skin Troubles as blackheads, blotches, pimples, etc.

Antexema or any annoying Skin Trouble, the "Antexema" Treatment will certainly cure it and take away every disfigurement. Write to J. K. Wiles: "I used 'Antexema,' and the pimples disappeared. If by magic, Mr. H. writes: 'I had acne for years, and 'Antexema' cured me. After suffering torture for weeks, the first dressing of 'Antexema' relieved the burning, and I had a good night's rest.' Thousands of letters testify to the value of "Antexema" can be seen at our offices. The one regret expressed by the writers is that they did not know of "Antexema" sooner.

Before and After use.

DON'T DELAY. ONE BOTTLE is enough to cure skin trouble, and should be in place in every home. "Antexema" is sold by Chemists and Stores, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d., or can be obtained direct, post free, in plain wrapper, for 1s. 3d. Write today, naming "Daily Mirror," enclosing stamped envelope and receive (1) Generous Free Trial of "Antexema"; (2) Valuable Treatise on Skin Troubles; (3) 200 Testimonials to "Antexema." Address: ANTTEXEMA, 81, Castle-road, London, N.W.

Burglary Epidemic.

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BURGLAR-PROOF OPEN WINDOW FASTENER

Recommended by a Leading Burglary Insurance Co.

ALLOWS WINDOW TO BE OPEN YET SECURELY LOCKED.

Cannot be shifted with knife or cut with a saw. Checks rattling of sashes. Price in brass, 1s. 6d. Running Plate (optional) 3d. From all Ironmongers and Stores or from Manfr. R. CLINTON HUGHES (Dept. P), 57, Gracechurch St., E.C.

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53 Pieces High-class Cutlery and Plate 3/- Secures Notice on FREE GIFT.

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TERMS: 1/- and Parcel of 53 pieces sent you. Sent 9/- on receipt. Pay balance in 5 Monthly Payments of 4/-, or send 25/- Balance on receipt of 53 pieces, and 10/- for cash we will send you a pair Silver Mounted Carvers worth 10/-.

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Greatest Comf./ort. Improved Appearance.

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10 years' reputation, price, one jar, 2s. (usually enough), double size, 4s. 6d. post paid. Money refunded if not satisfied.

Mrs. BOUCHIER & Holborn Viaduct, London, and at Paris.

A Wonderful Remedy for Liver Complaint.

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SCOTT'S EMERALD PILL.

The Best Cure for INDIGESTION, WIND, NERVOUS DEPRESSION, GIDDINESS and LOSS of APPETITE.

The Safest Family Medicine

HEARNE BATS FINELY.

Kent Keep Sussex in the Field
All Day.

SHADOWS ON THE PITCH.

A quiet but fairly interesting day's play was witnessed

yesterday, at Hastings, Kent staying in the whole of the time cricket was practicable, and scoring in a trifle over four hours and a half 286 runs for nine wickets. Owing to the shadows crossing the pitch, the stumps, according to arrangement, were pulled up at twenty minutes to six; but, in order to make up the lost time, they will be resumed to-day at eleven o'clock.

The game will be resumed at 10:30, each team having an excellent batting average. The batting was an excellent innings by Alec Hearne, who had the misfortune to be run out, though no fault of his own, when thoroughly well set. Going in first for the home team, he was out in the first innings for three hours. When 56 an appeal for a catch at second slip was made against him but neither umpire could give a decision. Hearne played a magnificent innings, his batting was brilliant and his neat leg glances. His chief hits were nine x's.

Humphreys helped Hearne to send up 45 for the first wicket, and Dillon stayed in for the third partnership. There was a similar stand for the fourth wicket, Mason assisting to add 60 in fifty minutes. Livesey and Seymour also played well, and in the end, their stand for the sixth wicket producing 33 runs.

CITIZEN.

The sixth wicket fell at 247, and then came quite a collapse, nine men being out for 256. Marsham and Fielder added 30 in fifteen minutes, and are still in. In getting Seymour out, Relf obtained his 100th wicket this season. The pitch looked to be in good order, but batsmen had apparently to play fairly hard for their runs. The weather was brilliantly fine, and there was

Present score:—

Present score.	KENT.
Hearne (A.), run out	69 R. O. H. Livesay, lbw b
Humphreys, c Ranjit-singh b Relf	81 Cox
S. H. Day, c Cox b Relf ..	12 C. H. B. Marsham, not out
E. W. Dillon, c Batt b Relf ..	27 Blythe, c Batt b Cox ...
J. Leach,	25 Huish, lbw b Cox
J. Leach, c Relf b	28 Fielder, not out
J. Killick,	25 Extras
Seymour, c Cox b Relf ..	28

Total (9 wks) .. 28

Sussex team: C. B. Fry, K. B. Ranjitsinhji, H. E. Hulse, G. C. L. A. Smith, Vase, Killick, Reif, Leach, Seymour Cox, and Bath.

PECULIAR WICKET AT BOURNEMOUTH.

Favoured by delightful weather, a very interesting afternoon's cricket took place in the opening of the second match of the festival at Bournemouth yesterday. Although the play lasted four hours and forty minutes and in that time twelve wickets went down for an aggregate of 379 runs. Hampshire at the finish were 181 runs behind with eight batsmen still to be disposed of.

The Somerset team did not make the most of the opportunity, after gaining first innings, their batting being very unequal. More than one batsman was troubled by the pace of the pitch, although there had been no rain it was highly probable that Hesketh-Prichard had no rain in the eye. In an hour there were three men out for 66, but then Hedges and Braund added 53 runs in forty-five minutes, and at lunch-time the score was 136 for four wickets. By three o'clock six men were dismissed for 142, and it then seemed as though Somerset would be out for quite a moderate score. Martyn a Robson, however, stayed together thirty-five minutes added 61, and then Lee helped Martyn to score 56

Thanks to these men the last four wickets produced 138 runs in eighty-five minutes. Hampshire had seventy minutes' batting, and after Bowell had left at 27, Webb and Sprot played so fast that in forty minutes 72 runs were added, Sprot being out in the last over of the day. He played superb driving and cutting with the utmost certainty. It will be seen that Somerset are without Lewis

SOMERSETSHIRE.	
L. C. H. Palmet, c Stoue	8
b Baldwin	8
M. J. Wesley	8
Johnston	8
J. Daniell, b Kewellin	11
F. R. Johnson	11
Reard, c sub b Baldwin	8
S. M. J. Woods, c Johnston	8
b Baldwin	8
R. Robson, b Baldwin	8
H. Martyn, c Baldwin	8
b Johnston	8
F. M. Lee, c and b Johnston	11
H. Forke, b Johnston	8
Harly, not out	8
Extras	8
Total	8

HAMPSHIRE.

First Innings:—Webb (not out) 39, Bowell (c and b) Bran-
 2. E. M. Sprot (c and b) Palalreit) 51, extras 7; total (2 w
 89.

A. J. L. Hill, Captain E. G. Wynyard, A. C. Johns-
 Stone, Llewellyn, G. N. Bignell, H. Hesketh-Prichard,
 Baldwin to bat.

DIVISION VII.

Group A.—Upton Park or Chesham v. Clapton Orient or Enfield, Woodford or Leyton v. Leytonstone or West Ham.
Group B.—Romford v. South End Athletic, South Woodford v. Grays United or Harwich and Parkeston.
Group C.—Leighton Cee Springs v. Hemel Hempstead or Luton Amateurs v. Biggleswade.
Group D.—King's Lynn or Norwich C.E.Y.M.S. v. Peterborough or Kirkcubright v. Lowestoft Town.

DIVISION VIII.

Group A.—Steyning or Brighton Amateurs v. Worthing or Horsham, Hove v. Shoreham.
Group B.—Newhaven Cement Works or Hastings St. Leonards v. St. Leonards, Tunbridge Wells Ramblers or Tunbridge Wells v. Eastbourne Old Town or Rye.
Group C.—Guards Depot or Clapham v. South United or Croydon Wanderers or Godalming v. Woking or Guildford or Redhill.

Group D.—Maidstone United or Chatham or Ash
United v. Sittingbourne or Cray Wanderers or Eltham
or Bromley, Dartford or Folkestone or Swanscomb
Gravesend United or Maidstone Wanderers or North
United or Sheppey United.

DIVISION IX.

Group A.—Chesham Generals and Chesham T

byes. Group A—Windsor and Eton or Marlow v. Slough.
Reading Amateurs, Uxbridge or Maidenhead v. Stoughton or Maidenhead Norfolkians.
Group C—Kensington Amateurs, Limited or Middlesex Wanderers v. Richmond Amateurs, Kensington Town v. Service or Willesden Town.
Group D—Finchley v. Hampstead, West Hampstead v. Crouch End Wanderers.

DIVISION X.

Group A—Warmingley Amateurs v. Paulton Rovers, Bristol East v. Staple Hill.
Group B—Green Waves Plymouth, a bye.
Group C—Basingstoke or Freemantle v. Northfleet Ironworks, Ryde v. Cowes.

WILKINSON'S FIRST CENTURY.
WILLIAM L. WILKINSON, Author. Worcester, Boston, and Philadelphia.

The weather was all that could be desired, and the attendance for a first day must have been very nearly a record.

Fortunate enough to win the toss, the county succeeded in placing themselves in a most comfortable position before a short day's extremely attractive cricket came to a conclusion. A brilliant start was made by Jackson and Wilkinson, the former scoring 71 out of 146 in an hour and twenty-five minutes, and an hour and fifty minutes before luncheon produced 169 runs.

Denton, the third man to leave, contributed 61 in little over an hour and a half, and Hirst and Rhodes put together 73 in fifty minutes for the fifth wicket.

Wickets fell rapidly towards the end of the day, and Hirst, seeing how things were going, hit out recklessly in the hope of making his 100 before tea. He failed, however, by 8 runs, being caught in the last over. In scoring 92 in an hour and three-quarters Hirst was certainly rewarded by fortune, being missed three times but his batting greatly pleased the holiday spectators.

His hit 66 ran 45.

Hon. F. S. Jackson, c	Rhodes, c Leveson-Gower
Thompson b Napier .. 71	b Spooner

Townsend, R. H. Spooner, B. J. T. Boranquet, W. Findlay

Considerable progress was made with the match at the Oval yesterday between Surrey and the South African

A surprise was in store, however, as Goatly and Stedman started together for an hour and twenty minutes, and in that time added 120 runs. At the interval the two men had taken the score 141, and so freely they hit afterwards that in fifty-five minutes 95 runs were put on the board.

After a rather uncertain start, Goatly batted exceedingly well, his cutting and driving being splendid, during the hour and a half over which his innings extended he did not give a single chance. Stedman also played faultless cricket, and showed no likelihood of being out. The last stroke was a full toss, and Stedman

separated.		Present score:—	
		SURREY.	
94	Harward, b Kotze	9	Nice, b Kotze
5	J. E. Raphael, b Tansred	5	H. C. McDonnell, b Tan
28	Hayes, run out	2	Brook, b Tansred
5	Harward, c Halliwell	10	Goodly, lbw b White
25	Harward, b Kotze	8	Montgomery, b Kotze
4	Baker, c Halliwell	5	Stedman, not out
7	Tansred	4	Extras
4	Davis, c Tansred	3	Total
280	Tansred		

SOUTH AFRICANS.

M. Hathorn, b Nice	2	S. J. Snook, not out
R. O. Schwarz, b Nice	0	Extras
T. H. G. ...	41	

In cases where an extra preliminary round is necessary the tie must be played on September 10, kick-off four o'clock; preliminary round to be played on September 17, kick-off 3.30; and first round October 1, kick-off 3.30.

The first-named club in each case has choice of ground.

An application of the Everton Club to increase Bolingbroke from £162 12s. 8d. to £200 was agreed to, and it was decided that any such application must in future be made at least a month in advance.

INTERNATIONAL GOLF.

S. H. Ky, and Horace Castle, who had been regular competitors in the past, weakened England's chances, and Scotland started warm favourites. Confidence which was reposed in their representatives was justified. Each country put two teams into the field as to meet the other two countries; and, in the more Scotland finished the holes up on England and 18 up on Ireland, while England, by administering a 2 defeat to Ireland, took second place.

The final scores on the day's play were as follows: Scotland beat England by 47 holes to 25; Scotland

Mr. W. M. G. Singer paid a visit to Manto Saturday, and yesterday morning witnessed the donkey Alec Taylor's horses.

